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Recollections.

MICHAEL J. SHEA, '04.

AS I gaze backward thro' the decades twain,
Back to those misty days when first life's sun
Broke thro' the clouds of childhood, and let run
My memory 'mid those golden days when pain
Was quite unknown, and tears, like showers of rain
That fell last April 'fore the rainbow shone
In splendor, soon gave way to mirth; alone
'Mid memories, I would I might again

Live o'er the joyful past. Could I but see
Behind the gloomy cloud which o'er me lowers
The pathway I must tread thro' future years,
My heart would once again be filled with glee.
But all must wait the slowly passing hours
And bend the servile knee while Cronas leers.

Is Shylock a True Jew?*

THOMAS P. IRVING, '04.



ONE of the most prominent traits in the character of Shylock, and one perfectly consistent with a Jew, is his love of money or thrift. Through all his words and actions there is manifested a desire to gain wealth. "Ducats" is his watchword. This passion is surpassed only by his revenge. The Jew has become a usurer with all the accompanying characteristics. It was almost a necessity for him to accumulate wealth. We have seen that he was living in surroundings

prejudicial to him. He could have no political or social life among the Christians. He had no standing except as a financier, and since all his power was to be gained in this way it was advantageous for him to fortify himself in the best possible way. Money was his only power among them; and the only way in which he could gain control over them was by interest. For him money was power and usury was the safeguard against the Christians' attacks. Raise the rate of interest and his hold upon the borrowers becomes more solid; lower it and you enfeeble his grasp and thwart the object of his life. On this account he hates Antonio, for the merchant "lends out money gratis," thereby destroying the Jew's chances for high interest.

In many places Shylock shows himself a man of thrift. In the very beginning his shrewdness and caution are evident when he debates whether or not he will lend Antonio the money, for the merchant's 'means are but in supposition.' When Gobbo left him, his comments upon the boy's service give us to understand that the boy did not live up to the old man's idea of economy. He speaks of Launcelot as an "unthrifty knave," "a huge feeder," and "snail slow in profit." In his lament at the elopement of his daughter his grief seems to arise as much from the loss of his ducats and jewels as from the fact that his daughter has left him. He says: "The thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief." This is what plagues and tortures him. This trait shows itself most singularly in the trial scene. During the first part of the trial to obtain revenge is his highest ambition. He wants the pound of flesh, and will not listen to any compromise. The change comes and his malicious purpose

* Prize essay for English Medal.

is thwarted. He finds that his vigorous course in exacting the forfeit of the bond has been checked; the sole craving of his heart has been denied him; the one object toward which all his actions and energies have been directed has hopelessly failed. He has spent sleepless nights in plotting; he has contrived and schemed to triumph over Christians. Victory at last seems to be on his side; he is about to make Christian blood flow, when that ever-abiding curse of the child of Israel falls upon him and he goes down to defeat. Picture to yourself a man under these circumstances, and you must admit that he would have given up all hope. He would not think of making any attempt to save himself. Most men would have given up, but Shylock did not. Seeing that he was deprived of revenge he simply stepped down one step and took refuge in thrift. The amount of his bond was still left for him. One would naturally suppose that if the Jew did ask for anything it would be simply the amount of the bond. But his love of money was not so easily overcome, for even in the face of these adverse circumstances he says: "I take his offer then;—pay the bond *thrice* and let the Christian go." His position becomes more and more precarious, and his enemies are heaping upon him the full penalties of the law, and yet he cries out: "Give me my principal and let me go;" and when the climax is reached, when the last spark of hope is barely alive, his plea is still: "Shall I not have barely my principal?" This indeed is a marvellous love for money when a man ventures almost anything to increase his store, and cherishing a futile hope he clings to his bond to the last. This is the passion of an oppressed Jew whose strength is in the jingling ducats.

Toward the end of the play, and especially during the trial, there comes to our notice a trait that recalls the Pharisees of old, namely, a strict adherence to the letter of the law. No chance is given in the beginning for this trait to show itself, but when the bond or the law is brought into court Shylock insists upon a strict literal interpretation. This is at once repulsive and absurd. True it is that, aided by his shrewdness and keen intellect, he can present good arguments to justify his actions; but it must be

admitted that in his desire to have the letter of the law carried out regardless of the spirit, he bears the marks of a pharisaical extremist as truly as did any of his ancestors. When Antonio has failed, nothing but the law will satisfy the rabid Jew. The law awards the pound of flesh, and in cutting it from the Christian's body Shylock makes sure to live up to the precise words of the agreement. He is to cut the flesh from the breast, so says the bond, "nearest his heart,"—those are the very words. A little later this relentless, unmerciful adherence to the letter against all plea for mercy, against all exhortations to be a little lenient, is brought out by Shylock's action. Portia tells him "to have by some surgeon to stop the wounds, lest he do bleed to death." The Jew answers: "Is it so nominated in the bond?" When he is told that it is not expressed in so many words, but that through charity he might do that much, the old miser, under pretense of looking through the bond for such a demand, evades the question entirely and coolly and pitilessly answers: "I can not find it; 'tis not in the bond." It is not in the bond, and, as far as he is concerned, that settles the question. Whatever little compassion we may have felt for the persecuted and abused Hebrew heretofore, it now leaves us, and we turn away from him in utter disgust, half hoping that the tables will be turned and that in the end he will receive his due for such conduct. In conclusion, his action here is so contrary to what we conceive to be the spirit of Christianity, and it conforms so exactly to the trait that merited for his forefathers the name of "whited sepulchres," that we can scarcely be of any other opinion than that he is a true child of Israel.

Another characteristic shows itself at times, and its existence may in part be due to the circumstances in which Shylock is placed. Still there was something in his make-up that fostered this trait, otherwise it would not have flourished so well. This is his craftiness. His intellect was keen and ever on the alert, and when spurred on to action along the line of retaliation it is no wonder that he was crafty and shrewd. When the loan of three thousand ducats is mentioned he slowly considers the fortunes of Antonio, and whether or not it is advisable

to make such a loan. After he has decided to make it, how wily he is to ensnare Antonio, pretending that it is but a "merry sport." His flattery of Portia while quite open is, nevertheless, a scheme to win his case. In other places he shows a tact that springs from schemes well thought out.

Having seen some of the reasons that would lead us to conclude that Shylock was a true Jew we shall examine some of the objections, and see whether they have any great effect upon the judgment we may have reached. The first objection is of an historical nature. It is asked: "How could Shakspeare know Jewish character since in his time Jews were not allowed to live in England?" It is true that the Jews were banished from England in 1290 and were not given permission to return until 1650. It seems that this was the earliest date at which the law was publicly annulled. But it is possible that long before this time its force had died out and its existence was only nominal. From facts given us by contemporary writers (Bacon, Coryate, Stowe) we are warranted in saying that this was the case.

Furthermore, we have evidence from another source that a certain Jew, Dr. Lopez, attained to considerable prominence in England toward the end of the 16th century. He fell a victim to a plot at court, and was condemned and hanged in 1594. It seems the report of the trial was widespread, and it is highly probable that Shakspeare knew of it. Some think, and not without good reason, that the poet had met this Jew. It was in 1594, as we said, that Lopez was executed, and it is a striking fact that only a few months later the first copy of the Merchant of Venice was given to the public. It is remarkable that even though the Jewish character had seldom been represented on the English stage, yet in the space of a few years Gosson, Marlowe and Shakspeare made the Jew the hero of their plays. Besides this we are informed that in six or seven months after Lopez's execution the Jew figured in about twenty plays. These facts show that the fate of this unfortunate man was widely known and especially so in London. Another reason that leads us to believe that Shakspeare was aware of the trial and its outcome

is that Shylock somewhat resembles Lopez. In Lopez's case in spite of all his trouble he was always faithful to home and family. Shylock, as we have seen, wishes to preserve a true Jewish home, though in doing so he may have gone too far. His intention was good, but his methods possibly too severe. We have seen that the date of the Merchant of Venice seems to indicate that Shakspeare gathered some of his material from this trial. Lastly, a person by the name of Antonio figured prominently in the Lopez affair, and it may be presumed that the poet got the name of his Antonio here. From this it seems to be clear that the Jews had gradually stolen into England; and that one at least had become quite conspicuous and that Shakspeare had an opportunity of studying Jewish life and character, and that even the trial, condemnation and death of an unfortunate Jew may have furnished some of the material—at least, if not some of the incentive, for the Merchant of Venice.

There remain a few more objections based principally upon the innate traits of Jewish character. When Shylock is speaking of his daughter after her elopement, he says: "I would my daughter were dead at my feet and the jewels in her ear! would she were hearsed at my foot and the ducats in her coffin!" It is said this language shows a trait or disposition that is not found in a Jewish father. It must be admitted that the language is strong and contrary to what any father would deliberately say. We must not be too severe with old Shylock. When we consider what the elopement of Jessica with a Christian meant to him, I think we shall grant that those words are provoked by extreme rage and grief; that on this account they are excusable and that they in no way prove that Shylock did not love his child.

It may also be asked, was it not contrary to the Jewish code for Shylock to attempt to injure a human body? This may be quite true, and yet would it not be possible for a true Jew to be so overcome by his individual passion that he would deviate somewhat from the principles of his nation? In regard to the objection that if Shylock was a true Jew he would have committed suicide when asked to become a Christian,

I think that the demand for the conversion came so suddenly and so unexpectedly that it stupified him, and he scarcely knew what he was saying or doing. It is also said that Shylock left the stage with the intention of killing himself immediately afterwards. But I think we may consider his words, "I am content," but as a means of freeing himself from the court. Everything was lost to him, and it was at that moment, but not until that moment, that his tenacious courage failed him, and despair, that had been ward off so long, at last came and fell with a double weight upon the poor old man. Oppressed by this terrible defeat he may have given up all.

Did Shakspeare intend by this play to set forth a plea for Jewish toleration? Did he wish to represent the unjust treatment the Jews had received from the Christians in order that a lesson might be given? Some are of the opinion that he did, and others claim that this was not his intention. If Shakspeare did wish to set forth a plea in favor of the Jew it but strengthens our position; and if this is not the case I do not see that it enfeebles our stand in the least.

We have seen all the principal traits of Shylock; we have examined them with some minuteness, and we find that they correspond very closely to the characteristics generally attributed to a Jew. We have seen him in almost all the phases of life; in social, political and financial affairs, and in all his Jewish character has shown itself. It is true there have been some deviations, but that is the result of individuality plus national traits. It is this which gives us Shylock. If these peculiarities did not occur we might have any one of the race, but by those characteristics we come to know Shylock as a particular man, a true representative of a despised and abused race.

(The End.)

In the Ark.

A crocodile trod on a microbe's toe,

What pain, oh ho!

The poor little thing rocked to and fro,

Oh ho, oh ho!

C. L.

Varsity Verse.

WEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

(Horace, Odes II., 2.)

THE wealth in niggard soil concealed
Is lustreless, O Crispus! for
To bullion, lest by frugal use
It glitter. Long he'll live below
Who's known as brotherly, for fame
Shall waft him aye on eager wing.

You'll rule more widely ruling greed
Than were Gades to Lybian shores.
Annexed, and either Carthage yours.
The dropsied, fondling self but sores
His malady, nor stills his thirst,
Ere cause and languor leave his frame!

Unlike the vulgar, Virtue sees
Twice crowned Phraohates desolate,
And teaches disuse of the false
Expressions; giving him the state,
The diadem, and lasting wreath
Who looks not back on heaps of gold.

H. M. K.

OCTOBER DAWN.

The shadows fade, and lo!
O'er sodden leas:
The tawny light creeps slow
Through shivering trees.
The sun would fain arise—
Pendant in cheerless skies—
E'en as the bleak night dies
On pathless seas.

A flicker of light appears
In the sullen sky:
A phantom fog now leers;
And the day is nigh.
But the scurrying flight of rain
And the damp, chill wind are vain
To still the Dawn's weak voice, in pain,
And her sobbing cry.

S. F. R.

RAMBLING REFLECTIONS.

If logic is wrong and the weak grow strong
On cosmologic doses,
Can we affirm that polywogs squirm
By the Nebular psychosis?
And even so the days grow short,—
Beware the Ides of March;
One thousand Romans frozen stiff
From breathing liquid starch.

The battle raged tumultuously;
In the silence of the fight
A widow called her only son
To lend her kindly light.

The colonel sat within his tent,
His tear fell on the floor,
Horatio! Oh, my kingdom come
For a china cuspadore.

J. S.

The Principalship at West Kent.

W. A. BOLGER.

An unexpected vacancy had occurred in the principalship of the school at West Kent. Mr. Cummings had secured a more desirable position in the last week of August. School was to begin early in September. The resignation of Principal Cummings was the table-talk of the citizens of the little town. The boys and girls scanned curiously the face and mien of every stranger who approached the house of Mr. Hardy to see if they could detect some peculiar pedagogical atmosphere surrounding the new-comer.

They had not long to wait. Out of the dozen or more applicants, it became generally known that the choice of the board lay between Mr. James Langley and Mr. Clarence Brown. These two men were most diverse in character, experience and educational qualifications. Brown was young, fresh from college, of sterling integrity. He was a recognized leader, had represented his school in both intellectual and physical contests, and was besides a social favorite. He had no friends in places of influence; but having reserve supplies of "push" was tempted to despise those who believed in the necessity of having a "pull." His opponent, Mr. Langley, was a man in his early fifties who had all the qualifications implied in the baser connotation of the word diplomatic. He had made an unsuccessful dabble in law; done a little "stump" service; held some minor county offices, and was hale-fellow well-met with the small politicians of the country round.

No one ever accused him of having a creed, political, educational or religious. His first principle of conduct was never to have any principles that might at any time get in his way. He now turned to school teaching just to tide over a little financial embarrassment. Yet it must not be supposed that Mr. Langley was a despised man, for he conformed to all the conventionalities which go to make up what people call respectability.

It may seem strange that a school

board should find any difficulty in choosing between Brown, inexperienced though he was, and this bankrupt small politician. A little analysis of the personnel of the board will make this plain. It consisted of five members. Two were the most enterprising business men of the town who believed in the "new education," because they had some of it, and moreover, being fathers of young families were personally interested in having a good school at any price. Of course they were for Brown. Two other members represented a conservative element whose sole reason for interesting themselves in school affairs was to keep down expenses. These were pledged for Mr. Langley, because he was by far the cheaper man. Mr. Hardy, the president of the board, would cast the deciding vote. To get his vote, was the rub between Langley and Brown. John Hardy kept a little grocery store and meat market and had a house or two to rent. He was an honest man; but it can not be denied that he was somewhat sordid.

Mr. Langley at once saw that here he had an immense advantage over the stripling, as he called Brown, for he had grown gray "pulling wires." He first inquired of Mr. Hardy, in a casual way, whether he knew of a house to rent in case of his election to the principalship. As I said, Hardy was sordid; the fact that this man would live in his house, buy provisions from his store, and thus net him at least four or five hundred dollars a year, was a telling argument. Moreover, Hardy had a young niece who was especially dear to him as he had no children of his own. She had just been graduated from college and would teach if she found a position to her liking. He strongly suspected that Mr. Langley could get a position for Mary Hardy in the schools at the county seat, though on account of his own too-manifest incompetency, he had never been able to secure one for himself. Here was another point in favor of Langley.

Brown realized that he was somewhat handicapped in this race. His manly bearing, his excellent recommendations from the President and other members of the college faculty, and above all his straightforwardness, had made a very good impression on Hardy from the first. He was told that

his application would be carefully considered.

"You are a little young, Mr. Brown, that is all I have against you. Come and see me to-morrow at ten o'clock."

This looked not too discouraging. That evening Mr. Hardy telephoned to his niece who lived in a neighboring town to ask whether she wished a position at the county seat. The girl was delighted at the prospect and promised to come and see him on the following afternoon.

The next day promptly at ten o'clock Brown arrived at the little office off the meat market. Hardy's manner, which the day before was genial, had suffered a chill. The first question after a rather cold greeting was significant:

"Are you a married or a single man?"

Brown recognized the import of the question and said laughingly:

"No, I am not married, but I expect to be soon."

The interview was short. Hardy told him that the board would meet that evening and choose between himself and Mr. Langley, and that he would inform him at once if the choice of the board should fall upon him. "Of course," added Hardy, "I have but one vote." Brown left the office thinking that though his chances were slim, yet there was still reason for him to hope, for he had not been turned down squarely. He also felt a little chagrined to be obliged to cultivate the good will of men whom he had always regarded a little inferior to college graduates.

Langley called in the afternoon with the purpose of making sure his apparently favorable chances. But to his surprise Hardy told him only that there would be a board meeting that evening to fill the vacancy. He mentioned the fact that he had a niece who was working for a good position in the city. Langley's time now came to speak.

"Mr. Hardy," said he, "if you will get me the principalship of West Kent, I'll secure a thousand dollar position for your niece."

"I'll do all I can for you," said Hardy, "but remember I have only one vote."

Langley left in good spirits and awaited the evening's meeting with calm expectation.

Hardy was indeed a little perplexed. He

knew well that the choice rested with him, and he was convinced that Brown was the better man for the position. Then perhaps he too would soon want to rent a house. But that was only perhaps. With Langley it was a certainty. Then Langley could get his niece a thousand dollar position. That was worth counting, for the girl would be able to pay off a little debt which her father had contracted with him.

That afternoon his niece arrived.

"You are just in time, Mary. I have a thousand dollar job awaiting you if you wish to accept it."

Miss Mary was evidently pleased with her prospective position; it was just such a one as she had been preparing herself for. He told her that there was a tie on the board which he as president would break in favor of Mr. Langley, who was responsible for getting her the place in the city schools. But why should Mr. Langley have been so much concerned about her?

"Are there no other applicants for Mr. Cumming's place?"

"Yes," said Hardy, "there is a young man whom I personally prefer, but I shall vote for Langley for the one reason that he can secure a position for you."

"Who is the young man who wants the place?"

"His name is Brown; he is just from college."

"Is he Clarence E. Brown?"

"I believe that is his name."

"And are you going to vote for that politician in preference to Clarence Brown? He was the noblest young man in the whole college and the brightest, and besides he has been my best friend for the last two years. Uncle John, if you wish to please me, vote for Brown. If I had the High School position I would teach only until Christmas."

It is needless to write more.

Dawn-Flush.

Night comes upon the garden flowers
And steals their tints away,
But can not smuggle off his spoil
Past the borderland of Day.

C. L. O'D.

Shelley's Character.

DANIEL C. DILLON, '04.

There is no study more interesting or more instructive than the study of men's characteristics and dispositions. Every man has a character that distinguishes him from every other man, and this very fact brings to light the psychological truth, the idea of self. Toppers are often more interesting characters to study than learned doctors, for the reason that their characters are more unique,—they contain more eccentricities, act more impulsively, hence their characters are more marked.

Then again some men are geniuses. These rise above their brethren in the productions of the mind, and these productions last through generations of posterity that follow. Some of their mental achievements become laws or models. One class of these superior intellects appears to mingle with their fellowmen, and abstract from them the marked characteristics, customs and habits, and thus invent new and striking characters; another class rather flies above the clouds to peep into the habitations of divinities, then return to this earth to mould their sublime personages. William Wordsworth mingled among the earthly men; Shelley on the contrary flew to the lofty region above the clouds.

In the winged and sublime products of all ages, even among the Greeks with their lofty Plato, we find no instance of a man soaring so high in the realm of fancy as does the English lyrist of the last century, Percy Bysshe Shelley.

This fervid artist has been entitled the "poet's poet," for in him all students have found a rare example of extreme and almost extravagant poetic sublimity, and the intense ardor with which he always writes, inspires either an enthusiastic love, or a polemic antipathy of the subject treated.

A complete life of Shelley has never yet been brought before the public, although facts of his life revealed by relatives and intimate friends gives us some insight into his nature. It is related that a wall arose between the affection of Shelley and his father when the poet was of a very tender

age. At school Percy was unpopular because his infirm physique did not allow him to take much part in the youthful athletic contests, hence he was "bullied and fagged" constantly. His friends, as a child, were very few; at Eton he was content to remain indoors and studiously worm out the secrets and enigmas of his Latin and Greek authors. In his quick, apprehensive powers and vivid imagination he was envied by his robust schoolmates. He wrote Latin verses at Eton with remarkable facility, and the faculty there has often been severely criticised for not having preserved some of his best productions; still we must bear in mind that Latin verses at grammar schools are written for exercises and not for glory. Here his hatred of all laws and regulations must have been greatly aggravated, for here it was we note his will becoming resolute and his pride egotistical.

Amid all the tortures he encountered at Eton he won the sympathies of Doctor Lind, who pitied Shelley and admired just such a youth. It seems that Lind had been injured or offended by George III., hence the learned Doctor formed an intense hatred for his royal master. Shelley stood in a similar position toward his own father, accordingly they used to unite after tea in conversation in which both sovereign and father were violently commended to the infernal regions.

At Oxford these same characteristics marked him, but in a less degree, because there the recluse found the liberty to live his unnatural youthful life in accordance with its propensities, to hide away unknown and unobserved in his room. Shelley loved to idealize reality, and as a university student he at once accepted the doctrines of Hume which he found to coincide exactly with his imaginative nature. Whence it followed that he wrote the "Necessity of Atheism" which caused his immediate expulsion from the university. Little more need be said about Shelley's life, as his character is seen developed at school, and what followed later is in accordance with the strange make-up of the man.

Shelley delivered up his soul to poetry, and felt happy when he was secluded from the influence of human environment to allow his great imagination to take long

flights into the widest realms of fancy. His imagination has been termed too brilliant and his thought too subtle for his juvenile uncontrollable brain. Indeed, he became more moderate in the last years of his short life with remarkable results.

The disposition of this eccentric man was purely impulsive, and from a very early age he acted spontaneously with no restraint on his heart or will. That disposition, however, must have been a rather noble one, otherwise the evidences and reports of his few friends who loved him count for little. If that impulse, acting spontaneously, as it did, would have gone astray from the road of righteousness and virtue by habit or passion, it felt the restraint of no external law to demand obedience. Yet we feel that his insight into the real nature of moral discrimination must have been exceedingly obscure and vague, for we can not conceive a man as an example of morality, without having some set criterion to guide his actions and curb his passions.

In Shelley's poetry we see a man seeming to have the gentlest and loftiest of minds, while a few observations of his life and character show him to be quite the contrary: a reckless, and certainly a headstrong outlaw, and we must criticise the morals of a man—regardless of his genius in some branch of art—who is impulsive, uncontrollable, over-sensitive, and rebels against the ordinary rules of life and the philosophy generally accepted among his fellow-beings; who shrinks with unintelligible egotism from the ranks of all society.

This character is a marked and unique one, a most interesting one to study, but most difficult to comprehend. In youth Shelley, with his exclusive habits, grew a strong, egotistical pride he could as little suppress as other youths could suppress their propensities to athletics.

So it is on account of this strange combination of pride and honor, of egotism and self-sacrifice, of poetic genius and moral blindness that "some men mark Shelley with charcoal and others with chalk," the former deeming him a reprobate and idiot; the latter cherishing him as a sublime and lofty lover of human happiness and human liberty. There seems to be no medium of judgment concerning him—imaginative men are inspired by the poet's loftiness; prosaic but clear-minded critics are the contrary.

A Memory.

G. E. GORMLEY, '04.

I am alone in a quiet country house at that season of the year when the fruits and harvests have been gathered and the leaves, nipped by the autumn frosts, begin to wither and fall. I sit in a large, comfortable chair, musing on my surroundings and watching the setting sun sink into a gray sea of clouds that rise slowly above the horizon. I am alone. The stillness of the hour and the long streaks of fading light that reach far up into the evening sky, like bright memories that flit over the vision of the past, seem to arouse in me a spirit of reminiscence and to awake my fancy.

As I gaze pensively on the scene without my attention is attracted by the slow, measured ticking of the old clock that stands upon a shelf on the opposite wall. It is a timepiece of odd appearance. It is fully three feet in height, and behind its stained-glass door a long pendulum swings silently to and fro. Within the heavy wood frame two suspended weights furnish the power that carries the long black hands on their ceaseless journey. For more than fifty years this clock has occupied that little shelf and faithfully told the hours to a generation and a half that have risen and passed away like the gray clouds that now drift over the evening sky. As I gaze upon the large open face and listen to the ceaseless tick-tack, tick-tack, I wonder what a tale might not this timepiece tell if it could but relate the story of its existence; if it could recount the scenes of smiles and tears, of joys and sorrows, that for more than half a century it has silently witnessed.

In fancy I go back over a waste of years to that day when a happy bridegroom purchased it and brought it into the home where he and a loving wife presided. Long the world was joyous and bright, and the melodious tones in which the happy hours were told off seemed but the sounding of the heartstrings that softly vibrated in harmony, responsive to love's sacred touch.

But advancing years brought many sorrows—sorrows that have left their traces

upon furrowed brows. The time came when protracted illness entered the home and marked for its own one of the little jewels that had made home happy. On that cold raw morning, when the first snows of the season began to fall, a pure soul departed this world and left all things blank and drear. And while a mother's grief spent itself in tears, yonder clock told mournfully the long, sad hours that, it seemed, would never end.

But sorrows pass, and the gloom of yesterday is dispelled by the sunshine of to-day. Other years of happiness, tempered by the remembrance of what is gone, come and roll away. When civil war ravaged the land and Lincoln's call for defenders of the nation was issued it was heard and answered by this household's head. Four years of suspense and anxious waiting, and then the home coming, the glad reunion, the crowning joy.

And so as the sun sinks from view and the shadows about me lengthen I picture in fancy the scenes of fifty years that have fled. Children have grown to manhood and womanhood and have long since been scattered. Some have left the family hearth led by fortune's charm, and have formed new ties and builded new homes. Fame has crowned the brow of one, while another, though little known, holds the dearest of earthly prizes—the affections of his fellows; and still another now lies away in the churchyard where a little mound and a weather-beaten slab marks his resting place.

Presently I turn to the window, and yonder I see the father bent with age and toil coming slowly up the path. His features are calm and patient, though his brow is furrowed by time and his head crowned with the silver of seventy winters. Beside him, with arm slipped lovingly in his, as in days of long ago, walks the partner of his life, the guiding star of his hope. She looks up into his kind face as they approach and says softly: "Let us go within, dear, for 'tis growing cold and the night is coming on." As they enter the room the old clock greets them with its tones so long known, so familiar. I arise from my place by the window, my reverie is broken, and immediately the pictures of fancy fade.

An Old Photograph.

Mr. Herbert Clinley, President of the Clinley Savings Bank sat at his desk with the books of the bank open before him. He was a large, slow man with the mouth of a mastiff, the iron set of which was strangely contradicted by the helpless fright in his eyes. He smoked steadily, relentlessly, automatically. A sheet of paper before him was covered with his figures.

At last he closed the books, straightened up and muttered in a sullen, perplexed way, speaking to himself as though addressing another, "Harry Pace, too. Five thousand short. It's always the way with these young fellows who are trusted too much." Then he spoke more savagely, though no sound escaped through the thick walls, "Well, let him go over the road. There'll be more of them at the same game, if we don't make an example. The bank is hard pushed and money tight, too. If the papers had got hold of this, there'd be a run to-morrow. But they won't hear, not for a week, and then,——" The great banker paused and fumbled in his drawer for a private key. He had come to a decision. In that pause, young Pace could have seen the prison doors closing upon him.

Clinley did not immediately find the key. It was a drawer he had not opened for years before that night, and not all its contents were familiar to him. As he drew forth the key after much fumbling, his hand touched a square of pasteboard, which he drew out also. To a casual observer there was nothing about the faded old photograph of two college boys to catch the attention of the busy capitalist. Underneath the picture was written, "Herb Clinley, Jim Pace," and the date,—it was just before their college Commencement.

The banker forgot his key as he gazed on the picture, and his hard old mouth relaxed. He was back in the enchanted days now so long dead. Some unpleasant memory must have come up, for the tender smile which had reflected his reminiscent mood suddenly vanished. "If he is Jim's boy," he growled defiantly, "justice is justice." He tossed the picture from him, then picked it up and looked at it again;—that look stayed the closing of prison doors upon young Pace.

Next morning Pace found a check for five thousand dollars at his desk and a note asking him to call at the President's office. Since that visit he has been honest, and is now prosperous, but more than his gold he prizes a square of faded card-board, the gift, he says of the Hon. Herbert Clinley. And always after mentioning it, he goes into a brown study. T. D. L.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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Notre Dame, Indiana, October 8, 1904.

—Friday, October 7, a meeting of the executive committee of the Indiana State Oratorical Association took place at the Denison Hotel, Indianapolis. Mr. J. R. Voigt, Notre Dame's representative on the board, will fulfil the duties of corresponding secretary for the year. This meeting reminds us that our local contest for the Breen Gold Medal (the winner of which has the right to represent Notre Dame in the Intercollegiate contest next Feb. at Indianapolis) takes place within two months. Competitors should be hard at their manuscripts by this time, since much filing is necessary to produce a smooth oratorical paper, and at least three weeks is needed for practice in delivery. The orations should be two thousand words, or thereabouts, in length, and should avoid dealing with matter which is subject to violent controversy. Biographical sketches, or vital questions, which admit of dignified discussion, have been found to furnish the most satisfactory material. The number of entries for the contest should be large despite the fact that only one can win the medal, for the improvement which each achieves by his effort is of vastly more value than any medal or similar reward can be.

—Two facts chronicled in a journal of the day may prove interesting to those who believe that all of this country, except a small portion about Boston, is occupied entirely with commercialism and given over to the devices of Philistines. One of these is the establishment of an art gallery in the city of Los Angeles; the other is the very unique library gathered together in Minneapolis by Mr. James Carleton Young. The former of these cities has been heretofore known to fame as the home of a

prize-ring champion; the latter as a city of mills and municipal scandals; so they can not be deemed mere oases in a desert land.

The Southwest Society of the Archaeological Institute of America is entitled to credit for the art gallery. It has gathered together from the old Franciscan monasteries (which flourished in California long before that land became a prize of conquest) thirty-four old paintings, half of which antedate the year 1700. Some of the subjects are historical, the greater number are religious. Mr. Charles F. Lummis, writing in *Out West*, says: "The 'Madonna of the Ring,' is a large canvas in excellent preservation with the empiric wreath of flowers which is largely associated with the art of Flanders, though I do not know that it originated there.... Certainly Murillo himself need not have been ashamed of this canvas; and whether it is his or not, it is a masterpiece worthy of honor in any museum."

Mr. James Carleton Young, the originator of the plan for the library and collector of the books for it as well, has been hailed "King of Books" by the *Paris Figaro*. It has been his life-work, he says, to collect "the best books of the living writers of the world, no matter in what language written. Each volume was to be inscribed by the author in a characteristic manner. If the writer were a poet, it would be desirable to have a poem written on the fly-leaf. A novelist should write of the manner he conceived his plot, or concerning the principal characters of his romance; an historian, something of the history he related; a biographer of the life of his subject; a traveller, of the lands he visited; a theologian of the religion he advocated; a philosopher or scientist of the facts or theories he promulgated." Less than twenty great writers of the world are at present unrepresented in Mr. Young's collection.

From these events it might appear to the unskilled eye that commercial development and intellectual culture are not necessarily incompatible. One might even be rash enough to suggest, with all due deference to Mr. Kipling's opinion, that Chicago, gradually refined and softened by alternating breezes from either coast, may yet become the Athens of the moderns.

—The death of George Frisbie Hoar, the senior Senator from Massachusetts, marks another milestone in the history of the nation. Senator Hoar belonged to that sturdy class of men who were busy with affairs of state even in the stirring times before the outbreak of the rebellion. Fifty-three years ago he served in the State legislature of Massachusetts; thirty-six years ago he was a member of Congress; the last twenty-seven years of his life have been spent in the United States Senate. His political record is as full of worth as it is of years. He was always on the side of those whom he believed to be down-trodden and oppressed: his stand against the retention of the Philippines in the face of party policy and heated criticism will be remembered as one of the most dramatic spectacles of that period. It is not the time or the place to argue concerning the wisdom of some of his political theories, it is enough to know that his motives were pure and his courage unfailing. The poet's words apply to him with peculiar force, that

.... we believe him
 Something far advanced in State
 And that he wears a truer crown
 Than any wreath that man can weave him.

—We dislike very much to discuss unpleasant subjects; in the first place, there are too many of them, and in the second, talking about them, as a rule, merely emphasizes that fact. However, at times they obtrude themselves in a manner which makes comment imperative. An occurrence of this stamp marked last Saturday's game. Some of the students,—let it be noted that the majority of them were younger fellows,—amused themselves with remarks concerning substitute players of the opposing team who were seated along the side-lines. The remarks were made in tones loud enough to reach the men on the side-lines and were evidently intended for their ears. These remarks were certainly of no benefit to encourage our own team, in fact, the gentlemen (for we believe they are gentlemen even though they had forgotten themselves) who uttered them were not concerned with the game. The only purpose they could have served was to amuse the hearers, and it must have been a sadly distorted sense of

humor with which they passed current as mirth-provoking. Such an exhibition reflects discredit only on him who makes and encourages it. We are confident, however, that the participants in the unpleasant little event which caused this editorial were merely thoughtless, not intentionally clownish; and this is simply to call their attention to the fact that one occurrence of that nature is enough.

The Philippines.

Colonel William Hoynes finds a good deal of satisfaction in the fact that so eminent a jurist and so profound a thinker as Justice Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court, is in full accord with him on the Philippine question. Colonel Hoynes has been quite outspoken and emphatic in the expression of views similar in spirit to those that were so strongly emphasized by Justice Brewer at St. Louis a few days since.—*South Bend (Ind.) Times.*

The views entertained by Colonel Hoynes on this subject, as stated in his lectures on constitutional and international law to the students of the law school, were clearly set forth likewise by the Hon. James Hagerman, President of the American Bar Association, at the 27th annual meeting of that distinguished body at St. Louis, on the 26th of September. He spoke as follows:

In my judgment the need of the times is that the mandate should go forth to the American people, as the judgment of their bench and bar, that the Philippine Islands should be accorded territorial rights, and that territories can only be permanently held by the United States upon the condition that the residents and inhabitants shall be citizens of the United States, and that there shall be no tariff laws between such territories and the States of the Union, but that all shall be within that zone of free trade which has heretofore included all our States and Territories.

The point which I emphasize is, and it seems to me the ultimate judgment of the lawyers of the country will enforce it, that the inhabitants of our Territories must be entitled to United States citizenship, and that they must have free and unvexed trade relations with us. Otherwise there will be a departure from constitutional methods and principles which will be revolutionary in their nature and lead us to an imperialism which is inconsistent with free institutions.

It is not sought to set the Philippines adrift, but to recognize them as territory of the United States, with territorial rights and the potentiality of ultimate statehood, and not to treat them as colonies or new possessions, which would put them outside the Constitution, and put this country on the plane of imperial Rome or Great Britain in its governmental attitude and policy.

Opening of the Lecture Course.

The lecture course for the present scholastic year was opened Wednesday afternoon by William Howard Taft, Secretary of War and former Governor of the Philippine Islands. The lecture by Mr. Taft, whose fame in diplomatic circles is international and whose authority on questions regarding the Philippine Archipelago is so generally recognized, was eagerly anticipated by the students, and to say that it fully realized their expectations is no small praise.

After a brief introduction by the Very Reverend President, Mr. Taft spoke at length on the conditions past and present in the Philippine Islands. He prefaced his lecture with the remark that this was his initial experience in addressing a Catholic audience, and also alluded jocularly to the college yell which greeted him on his entrance to the Hall.

Magellan was the first discoverer to land in the Philippines. Catholic missionary priests by arduous labor converted the majority of the native inhabitants, and their intercession alone prevented Spain from abandoning the islands. An extraordinary fact is that the Malay people are nowhere else Christianized, and the Mahometan religion, which claims the majority of the Malay race in other countries, has in the Philippines the scanty following of five per centum of all the inhabitants. The Friars established schools which taught, beside the elementary branches, various trades and even the arts. Hospitals were erected to which even the slaves were allowed admission. The University of St. Thomas, founded by the Friars, is older than Harvard University. After recounting all the benefits which resulted directly from the labors of the Friars, Mr. Taft enumerated the various causes which brought about hostilities between the natives and the missionaries. In 1832 through Spanish influence the natives, many of whom had been trained to the priesthood, were refused admittance to religious orders, and in the nineteenth century, though the Vatican favored a native clergy, the priesthood was confined to the alien race.

Again when the Jesuits returned after their

banishment in 1857, and wished to regain control of their former parishes to the detriment and loss of the native priests, a clash ensued between the Friars and the natives who stood by their native priests. As a result of the close union of Church and State the Friars were made responsible for their parishes over which they held control, and were obliged to report all natives disagreeing with the Spanish policy. So great was the opposition to the Friars that at one time forty were killed and two hundred imprisoned. When the Friars were driven out, but few clergy remained to minister to the people.

In 1901 the American government was established in the islands and faced the difficult problem not yet wholly solved. The immense amount of land which the Friars had obtained—not, as some intimate, by undue influence—was crowded by tenants who refused to pay the rent which the Friars could justly demand since it had been greatly improved under their care. Secondly, there were no priests to take charge of the vacant parishes on account of the hostility between the natives and the Friars. Thirdly, the schools, which were under the clergy's control, were regarded by the United States Government as civil property. Rent and damages were also due the Friars for the use of their property by United States troops. A fourth difficulty arose in regard to the title of church property since the Schismatic Independent Catholic Church of Aglipay, a former guerilla leader, claimed the right to use the churches for their worship, a right denied by the Roman Catholic clergy. This point, Mr. Taft said, may finally have to be decided by the Supreme Court. He expressed as his personal opinion the belief that the Roman Catholic Church had title to all Church property in the Philippines.

Mr. Taft next described the interview which he and the other members of the diplomatic embassy held with the late Pope Leo XIII., and paid a touching tribute to the saintly Leo. The lecturer treated other negotiations which took place between the United States and the Vatican in regard to the disposition of the Friars' lands for which the sum of seven million dollars was finally offered and accepted after a year and a half had passed in negotiations.

The remuneration for the occupation of the convents and churches is now near settlement. In conclusion, Mr. Taft expressed the hope that American priests would adopt the Philippines as their field of labor, and mentioned the liberality of the American Catholics and Protestants which aided greatly in the settlement of the land question, and is an example of the religious tolerance of the present day.

In the audience was the Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Gorman of Sioux Falls, S. D., who held a prominent position in the negotiations between the Vatican and the United States.

University Courts.

The courts connected with the law school were organized last Thursday. Sessions of between two and three hours' duration are to be held Saturday evenings, commencing this month and continuing until May. Special sessions may be held occasionally on Thursdays. An excellent spirit is evinced in the matter and gives promise of unusually effective work. Statements of fact have already been prepared by the Dean and given out by the Clerk of the Moot-Court; and several groups of the Senior and Junior students are already at work upon them. Pleadings must be written and filed with the Clerk and the proceedings conducted in as close analogy as practicable to the regular procedure of the ordinary trial courts in this and other States. A number of changes looking to the greater efficiency of work in the law school have this year been made, and it can now be safely asserted that nowhere can a young man acquire in three years a more thorough and practical knowledge of the law.

Following is a list of the several courts and those chosen to preside or serve in them:

MOOT-COURT.

Judge, Hon. William Hoynes; Clerk, Edward H. Schwab; Assistant Clerk, Francis J. Hanzel; Prosecuting Attorney, Thomas D. Lyons; Assistant Prosecuting Attorney, John W. McInerny; Sheriff, John J. O'Connor; Deputy Sheriff, Roscoe P. Hurst; Coroner, Earl F. Gruber; Deputy Coroner, Richard W. Donovan; Jury Commissioners,

Michael L. Fansler and Robert P. Clarke; Notary Public, F. J. Loughran; Reporter, Albert J. Oberst.

COURT OF CHANCERY.

Chancellor, Hon. William Hoynes; Clerk, Thomas J. Welch; Assistant Clerk, Louis E. Wagner; Master-in-Chancery, William J. Mahoney; Bailiff, Frank A. McCarthy.

SUPREME COURT.

Judge, Hon. Timothy E. Howard; Clerk, Daniel L. Murphy; Assistant Clerk, William E. Perce; Bailiff, John W. Sheehan.

JUSTICE'S COURT.

Justice of the Peace, Henry J. McGlew; Clerk, Ralph Madden; Constable, Ralph Feig.

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT.

Judge, Hon. Andrew Anderson; Clerk, Francis J. O'Shaughnessy; Assistant Clerk, Raymond J. Daschbach; United States District Attorney, Durant Church; Assistant U. S. District Attorney, Thomas F. Healey; U. S. Marshal, Daniel L. Madden.

UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER'S COURT.

Commissioner, Hon. Arthur L. Hubbard; Clerk, Thomas M. Harris; Assistant U. S. Marshal, Clayton C. Golden.

JURORS.

Arthur Claire, J. V. Cunningham, Frank L. Dupen, Oscar A. Fox, W. L. Joyce, George J. McFadden, P. M. Malloy, Paul McGannon, Stephen F. Riordan and B. M. Daly.

Athletic Notes.

The game with Wabash College, which opened the 1904 football season here at Notre Dame, resulted in a victory for the Varsity by a score of 12 to 4. As the score would indicate, the showing made by the Varsity was a disappointment to Coach Salmon and the rooters. Wabash has a good team, composed mainly of the veterans who defeated Indiana last season, but the Notre Dame men did not play up to the standard set by themselves in practice, and though the playing was erratic on both sides, in speed and accuracy of formations the boys from Wabash had the better of the argument. But due consideration must be given to the fact that Wabash is prac-

tically as far advanced as they will be at any time this year, while Notre Dame had but one week's real work prior to the game. The trouble with Notre Dame is not hard to locate. It is not in the individuals, as almost without exception the men on the team played a good, hard game. But ginger was lacking and there were no "hurry-up and help along" tactics. Instead of snappy, nifty team-work, individual efforts were necessary for gains. But this fault will be remedied after the men have worked together a little longer.

The Wabash men played steady football throughout the game, but during the times the Varsity struck its gait, they were played off their feet. The day was a little warm for football, and only a fair-sized crowd was present.

THE GAME.

Draper kicked off to Miller who was downed in his tracks by Claire. After a few small gains Wabash was held, and Notre Dame had the ball. The first few plays seemed to indicate that Notre Dame would have a walkaway, as Bracken, Draper and Waldorf tore through the line for gains till the ball was on the ten-yard line. With a touchdown in sight, the team went to pieces, and Wabash secured the ball on downs. Furrip punted thirty-five yards to Shaughnessy who made ten before he was brought to earth by Kantrell. Lack of interference enabled Shank and Sutherland to stop the Notre Dame backs, and the ball went over again. Furrip was soon forced to punt, however, and it was Notre Dame's ball on their own thirty-five yard line. Shaughnessy gave the rooters a chance when he made a fine run of thirty yards; but on the next play a fumble gave the ball to Wabash in the middle of the field. Here Wabash either started to play good football, or our linemen started to play bad football. Mainly through the efforts of Spalding the ball was pushed to our twenty-five yard line. The linemen seemed unable to stop the plunges of the Wabash backs, and it was a little dark for Notre Dame when Harp was called on for a plunge through the line. He hit the line hard enough, a little too hard, in fact, and dropped the ball, and it fell into

the open arms of Captain Shaughnessy where it nestled like a baby in the arms of its mother. Before the players or the rooters could realize what was taking place "Shag" had shaken off a Wabash man and was speeding down the field for a touchdown. McNerney kicked an easy goal, and the score was, Notre Dame, 6; Wabash, 0.

During the rest of the half Notre Dame played a little better football, but never a consistent game. Draper and Bracken made some good gains through the line, while little Nate Silver slipped by the Wabash end for a gain of 35 yards. Time was called with the ball in the middle of the field.

SECOND HALF

started when Furrip kicked to Fansler. Short gains were made by the backs, but soon it was the same old story—no interference—and the ball went over. But Notre Dame's line held, and Wabash was thrown back for a loss. Furrip started to punt, but found himself in the embrace of Beacom and changed his mind at once, and the ball went over. Church and Guthrie were put in the line-up at this point, and their presence seemed to pull the team together. Gains by Shaughnessy, Claire, McNerney and the backs soon had the ball on the ten-yard line, and Guthrie went over for the second score. McNerney kicked goal.

After the kick off the team seemed unable to keep up their gait, and Wabash got the ball on Notre Dame's thirty-yard line. Unable to gain through the line, Furrip was called upon for a place kick. The kick was true and the ball sailed as straight as an arrow through the goal posts, and the score was, Notre Dame, 12; Wabash, 4.

Time was called soon after, with the ball in Notre Dame's possession on Wabash ten yard line.

* * *

Captain Shaughnessy and McNerney were the best ground-gainers for the Varsity Saturday. Captain Shaughnessy followed his sensational run of eighty yards by a number of other substantial gains, besides stopping any attempted runs around his end. McNerney had an off-day in his defensive work, but more than made it up by his consistent gains all through the game.

The work of the four half-backs, Bracken, Waldorf, Church and Guthrie, was, on the whole, up to expectations, at least as far as their individual ability is concerned. But all proved slow in forming interference for the man with the ball, and as a result he was compelled to rely on his own powers for a gain. This is easily corrected, however, and the task of choosing between these men will not be easy.

* *

Draper got his punts away high and fast and averaged a little over fifty yards for his three kicks. "Bill" is a good line buckler, and this, added to his kicking powers, should go a long way toward filling up the gap made by the retirement of Salmon.

* *

Straight football was the rule of both teams last Saturday, Wabash, however, using one or two fake plays which were easily stopped. Notre Dame used the quarter-back run a couple of times, once for a twenty-five yard gain by little Silver.

* *

Sheehan and Silver worked together in their old-time form, not a fumble being recorded to either during the day. Fumbles were rare for an early-season game, Wabash being the offender in most instances.

* *

Chief of Police McWeeney of South Bend was one of the most enthusiastic Notre Dame rooters at the game. Mr. McWeeney was favorably impressed by the work of some of the new men, and said that he expected Notre Dame to excel the showing made last year. Chief McWeeney is an old Notre Dame coach, and if his business duties will allow him to do so he will assist Coach Salmon with the linemen later in the season.

* *

The criticism of the work of the Varsity applies as well to the rooters. There was a total lack of team-work, the cheers coming at infrequent intervals, and only when the Varsity made some good play. Rooting when the luck of the game seems to be with the other fellows is the rooting that counts. This afternoon take your place near one of the cheer masters and keep up the "U. N. D." from the kick off till the final call of time. Do this and watch the result.

The loss which Byrne M. Daly, the Mgr. of Athletics at Notre Dame, recently sustained in the death of his father, has delayed the publishing of a completed schedule for the season. As the schedule now stands there is one open date which will be filled by a game here at Notre Dame. Mr. Daly is to be congratulated upon securing the class of games which he has already announced. A new foe will be met upon Nov. 5, when our boys go to Lawrence, Kansas, to play the fast Kansas University team. These men have earned an enviable reputation during the past year or so, and the game at Lawrence, besides being the forerunner of future friendly relations between the two schools, should be a treat for the true football fan. The schedule, as it is at present, is as follows:

Oct. 8—Chicago Eclectics at Notre Dame.

Oct. 15—Wisconsin at Milwaukee.

Oct. 22—Ohio Medical at Columbus, Ohio.

Oct. 27—T. A. A. at Notre Dame.

Nov. 5—Kas. University at Lawrence, Kas.

Nov. 12—Open.

Nov. 19—DePauw University at N. D.

Nov. 29—Purdue at Lafayette, Ind.

* *

The work done by Shank and Spaulding for the visitors was the best that has been seen on Cartier Field in some time. For a time it seemed as though the line could not stop the Wabash captain.

* *

Coach Holland will close the entries for the Fall Track Meet Monday morning, so that the handicapping can be done before the meet. The number of names handed in at present is fairly large; but there are a number of good men who have not responded to the call, and it is to be hoped that they will do so at once. The track is in good condition, and as the gymnasium is open every day there is no reason why a large squad should not be in the meet next Thursday.

* *

This afternoon we line up against the Chicago Eclectics' team from Chicago. The Doctors have never been able to take any high place in college football; but as their teams are always composed of old college stars, they have been able to spring some unpleasant surprises upon their confident opponents. As this will be the last game at Notre Dame until Oct. 27, it is to be hoped that all the students will turn out and give the boys the proper support. Don't forget that we meet Wisconsin next Saturday. ROBERT R. CLARKE, '06.

Personals.

—The Rt. Reverend Thomas O'Gorman, Bishop of Sioux Falls, South Dakota, who is at present a guest of Notre Dame, has promised the Very Reverend President to deliver a lecture before the student body in the near future. It is unnecessary to state that such an event is anticipated with the keenest pleasure, especially by those who have heard Bishop O'Gorman in the past—an opportunity which many at Notre Dame have enjoyed.

—The University is happy in having as its guest the Hon. Richard C. Kerens of St. Louis. Mr. Kerens, a distinguished citizen and loyal son of the Church, was the worthy recipient last year of the Lætare Medal, the highest honor Notre Dame confers. The pleasure that the SCHOLASTIC takes in being able to chronicle his visit is heartily shared by the students and Faculty.

—Walter Whalen, one of last year's collegiate students, stopped with us for a few days *en route* to the University of Pennsylvania where he enters the medical school.

—Mr. Ralph Wilson (C. E. '92) has recently attained the position of Assistant Supervisor of the main line of the Norfolk and Western RR. Ralph's many friends at the University rejoice in his success.

—Among the former students who visited the University during the past week was Fred J. Kasper (Ph. B., '04). Fred was one of the hard, consistent workers who did so much to further the good name and fame of his class; and we may be sure he will earnestly strive to perpetuate it among the classic halls of Harvard, whither he has gone to engage in the study of law. There remains with us the assurance that he will achieve that success which all his friends at the University most heartily wish him.

—Rev. John P. Quinn, pastor of St. John's Church, Peoria, was stricken with appendicitis last Thursday and for a time his life was despaired of. Father Quinn, as one of our leading orators, as a genial, kindly, zealous priest, has hosts of friends in Peoria and in this diocese, and these will be glad to hear, as we are glad to chronicle the fact, that the danger has now past and he is on the road to rapid recovery.—*New World*.

Father Quinn's Notre Dame friends are very glad also that he is on the road to recovery. A member of the class of '83, he has always been loyal to his *Alma Mater*. Last year, it will be remembered, he preached the Baccalaureate sermon, which was pronounced an excellent discourse.

—Grattan T. Stanford (Ph. B., '04) spent a few days at the University previous to his departure for Cambridge, Mass., where

he is about to enter the Harvard Law School. Mr. Stanford's work was of such high order as to reflect credit on his *Alma Mater* and on the class of 1904. Mr. Stanford's friends feel that he will fittingly fulfil their expectations during the ensuing year.

The students of Corby Hall deeply sympathize with their former comrade, Henry Sherman, whose mother died recently.

L. E. Wagner
T. Healy
C. McDonald
G. Herrmann
E. L. Rousseau.

Local Items.

—The Minim Specials have organized, and judging from the manner in which they practise, they bid fair to rival last year's great team which defeated the ex-Minims so completely.

—Last Saturday evening the students from the Keystone State met in the Brownson reading-room for the purpose of reorganizing the Pennsylvania Club. In the absence of a presiding officer, R. J. Daschbach acted as temporary chairman. After the meeting was called to order, the following officers were elected: Edward H. Schwab, Loretto, President; Raymond J. Daschbach, Pittsburg, Secretary; Howard Diebold, Pittsburg, Treasurer; and J. Ghost McCaffrey, Pittsburg, "Official Bouncer."

The Pennsylvania Club has had a most successful career during its three years' existence, and it will be the aim of the officers and members to make this year a banner one. A number of committees was appointed by the president to arrange for the entertainments for the coming year. A trip to Goshen and a banquet at that place is contemplated; and other features will be decided upon at the next meeting. The members of the club who reside in or near Pittsburg are planning a big dance to be given at the latter place during the Christmas vacation.

The following are the members: Ray Burns, R. J. Daschbach, H. Diebold, D. Cullinan, H. Geoghegan, L. Hart, J. McCabe, J. McCaffrey, T. L. Popp, C. Winters, W. Winters and A. Winters of Pittsburg; E. Schwab, Loretto; A. Stopper Williamsport; J. Colihan and R. Gray, Philadelphia; E. Kenny, Eldrid; E. Escher, Braddock; J. Geary, Oil City; James Jordan, Scranton; C. King, Pottsville; E. L. McBride, Allegheny; T. J. Kenney, Homestead, and C. O'Brien Freeport. J. J. Scales of Brooklyn and L. E. Wagner of Chicago are honorary members.